

HIS SACRIFICE

OR,
For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

As he sat now watching Roy, the old wish that the boy was his own son rose within him. Ah, how happy he would have been with children to call him father!

With a heavy sigh he stretched out his hand, and took up mechanically the paper Roy had thrown down on the table, and whose margin he had decorated so fantastically. Was it strange that the color faded suddenly out of his face, leaving it white as death, that a look of eery agony leaped into his eyes? There, at the top of the paper, clear and distinct, among a number of devices, such as anchors, shields, and scrolls, was the name—Russel Anthon.

Roy had written it there quite unconsciously. Mr. Anthon had been in his thoughts while he had been idly scribbling, and without thinking what he was doing, he had written his name.

"Roy,"
Something in the tone of the voice which pronounced his name made Roy turn suddenly on the piano stool. Richard Brandon still held the newspaper in his hand, his face was averted; Roy did not see its deathly pallor, or the drawn look about the mouth.

"Roy, did you write that name?"
The quiet voice had a curious metallic ring to it. Roy gave one glance at the paper, his face flushing.

"Yes, Uncle Richard," he answered, laughing. "I confess it was rather childish to scribble in that fashion."

"Do you know the man who bears that name?"

"I am slightly acquainted with him," said Roy. "I have been in his house many times. I know his daughter very well."

"You know his daughter—Roy, why have you never told me?"

He raised his head now, Roy could see his face and the look upon it startled him.

"I do not know why I have never spoken to you about the Anthon, Uncle Richard. Do you know Mr. Russel Anthon?"

Did he know him? The man who was called Richard Brandon clutched his right hand until the nails sunk deep into the palm; and his voice was strained and unnatural as he answered:

"I knew him—once. Tell me when and where you met the Anthon, Roy—tell me all you know about them."

And Roy, with a vague feeling that there was something about this of which he knew nothing, told how he had first met Louie Anthon; how she had invited him to call upon her, and he had gone to her beautiful home and had been introduced to her handsome, stately father and lovely mother. And speaking and thinking of the girl he loved so truly, Roy forgot the white-faced man sitting opposite to him, did not notice the deep lines of pain that came about Richard Brandon's mouth as he listened, nor the look of anguish that darkened his eyes at the mention of Louie's lovely other.

"And that is not quite all, Uncle Richard," he said at last, his brown eyes growing very soft and tender. "I love Louie Anthon with all my heart, and my dearest hope is that she will be my wife."

Richard Brandon passed one hand over his eyes. Did he hear aright, or was he going mad? Could it be that Roy, whom he had brought up and cared for as though he had been his own son, loved and wished to marry the child of the man who had robbed him of name and wife, and home, and friends? But for this girl—this Louie of whom Roy spoke, he could not have allowed his false, black-hearted brother to go on year after year living in his place; the child—Muriel's child and Arundel's—had been the link between them which he had felt he could not break; he was Muriel's husband but Arundel was the father of the child.

The mighty agony that had swept over him that never, never ever to be forgotten day, when standing in the darkened parlor of his own house he had realized Arundel's horrible treachery, was sweeping over him again; again the iron fingers clutched his throat, again the earth seemed to be falling from under his feet. And yet in all his agony he felt that he must be calm and not give way, must make no outward sign of what he was suffering; for Roy must not know that the name Russel Anthon held a terrible significance for him, he must not know that he would rather see him lying dead than married to Arundel Anthon's child.

Roy had waited patiently for the man he had called Uncle Richard ever since he could talk to speak; at last he said hesitatingly, not knowing exactly what to say, yet anxious to break the silence.

"Uncle Richard, you do not think I am too young to marry, do you? I love Miss Anthon so dearly—and I think—I am almost sure she loves me."

What could Richard Brandon say in answer, what objection could he make? He tried to think of something to say, while every detail of that terrible time was rising clear and distinct in his memory.

Muriel's little baby girl—the child who ought to have been his child—it was so hard to understand that Roy wanted to marry this girl.

There was a dull, throbbing pain in Richard Brandon's temples, the power of action seemed to be slipping away from him, yet Roy was waiting for him to speak, and he must say something.

"You are old enough to marry—I suppose, Roy; but she—she is very young."

"She is not so very young," said Roy earnestly, not stopping to think in his earnestness that the remark was a strange one for Richard Brandon to make. "Louie Anthon was nineteen years old last October."

"Nineteen years old last October," repeated Richard Brandon; then slowly and wearily, "no, Roy, no, you have made a mistake, she was not—she could not have been nineteen last October."

Roy looked at him in great amazement. It was certainly very strange that she should speak so positively; how did he know how old Louie Anthon was? And how pale he

was, evidently laboring under some strong excitement which he was striving to repress. What did he know about the Anthon family, and why had the mention of the name affected him as it had done? Roy had always felt that the life of the grave gentleman who had given him a father's love and care, held a secret sad and bitter. He knew that he had suffered, whether through his own act or the wrong-doing of others he did not know, nor did he ever expect to know; for gentle and kind as Richard Brandon was, there was that about him which told how useless it would be to question him concerning his own life, and even Roy had never asked him anything about his past. He had never before seen him so moved and shaken, and he could not help wondering if Louie Anthon's handsome, stately father was not in some way connected with the secret of his life.

Little did Roy think how near he came to the truth.

"I think, Uncle Richard, you have made a mistake," he said gently. "Miss Anthon told me herself only a week or two ago, that she was nineteen years old the twenty-first of last October."

There were restless gleams of light coming and going in Richard Brandon's eyes, the blood was settling in spots upon his ashen gray face, his fingers were twitching nervously; and still he shook his head, while he muttered as though he was speaking to himself.

"It could not be."

He spoke only those few words, yet in his brain strange confused thoughts were slowly shaping themselves.

And Roy, feeling very uncomfortable, utterly at a loss how to account for his unusual manner, and wishing he understood the reason for it, tried to speak lightly, as he said that, after all, it did not make much difference just how old Louie Anthon was, although he was almost positive that she had been born in October of a certain year which year he mentioned.

He was totally unprepared for the effect produced by his words. Richard Brandon sprang to his feet, grasping the carved back of a chair near him so tightly that the veins stood out tense and swollen. His great dark eyes were like smoldering fires, his face was flushed a deep dull red, his lips were quivering; he was trembling in every limb. It was surely no trifling thing that had shaken this quiet, reserved, grave man to the very care and centre of his being.

"Roy," he gasped, "you say—she was born—the October of that year! My God, boy, think what you are saying! You do not know what it means to me. If what you say is true—then—"

He paused, sinking down heavily into his chair. If what Roy said was true—if Louie Anthon had been born in October of that fatal year—then she was his own child. He bowed his head upon his hands, trying to stem the wild rush of his thoughts, trying to think calmly, thinking instinctively that if he allowed the flood of wild joy and terrible bitterness that was rising within him to sweep over him unrestrained, reason would give way before it.

"Uncle Richard," said Roy, his own face pale now, feeling like a man who gropes his way in the dark, "I cannot understand; I know that what I have said has affected you terribly, yet I know not why."

Richard Brandon raised his head, master of his own emotions even at this great moment of his life; for self-control is more the result of habit, the outgrowth of will-power, than it is a natural characteristic, and for many years he has been used to keeping his own feelings in check.

"Roy, you cannot understand, nor can I explain to you. There are secrets which must remain secrets to the end of time. If my secret concerned only myself I would tell it to you, but it concerns more than me. I have acted strangely and unaccountably—it is because I have been moved and shaken as I thought nothing could ever shake me again, and there are times in life when our emotions are stronger than we are; but you must try and forget it—or, if that is impossible, think as little about it as you can. This much I can say—and it is only justice to you that I should say it, because I think you love me. If I have led a strangely quiet and reserved life, mingling but little with my fellow men, it has not been because there was a stain upon me which I feared the world would discover."

For a moment there was silence in the room—a silence broken only by the crackle of the fire in the grate, the ticking of the clock upon the mantel; then Roy spoke:

"Uncle Richard, I want no explanation; I am content to let things remain as they are. I have always felt that there was a bitter sorrow in your life, but that it was not of your making I have been sure. I have only one thing to ask you: Would it displease or sadden you if I should marry Miss Anthon?"

For he knew now that in some way the Anthon were connected with the secret of Richard Brandon's life.

Richard Brandon did not answer at once—he was thinking. If it was true that Louie, this girl that Roy loved, had been born the October following the March of that year when leaving Muriel, his young wife, and his beautiful home, he had gone to Mexico in search of Arundel, then in all truth she was his own child—and his weary, sad hearts leaped and grew glad at the very thought. But it was too late to claim her now—that time had long gone by. He could call her daughter never, never; he had a child, yet he must be to all the world a childless man. Still, if Roy should marry her—if she was the wife of the man he had loved from his babyhood—no one would think it strange if he loved her; and she would love him, too—oh! the peace and blessedness of that! He would live with them—he would teach the little children that would come to Roy and her to call him grandfather, and they would not know—Only he and God would know—that he was really their mother's father. He had never dreamed that such happiness would come to him, and there was a soft, sad smile upon his grief worn face as he said:

"It would not displease me, Roy, no, for it would bring happiness to me, not sorrow."

"I am so glad," Roy said, with a deep sigh of relief. "You will love her, I know, Uncle Richard, she is so lovely."

"Roy"—there was a break in Richard Brandon's voice as he spoke—"is she like her mother?"

"Yes, very much, only her eyes are

different; they are deep, true, earnest eyes—such as your eyes, Uncle Richard. Tomorrow night I shall go to Mr. Anthon and ask his consent to marry his daughter by my wife. You say you knew him once, it is strange he did not remember your name, for I know I have spoken of you in his presence."

Richard Brandon's brow darkened. "He does not know me," he said "he knows no such man as Richard Brandon. Roy, you are quite sure that Louie Anthon was nineteen years old last October?"

"Perfectly sure," answered Roy, firmly. The thought had come to him within the last few moments that perhaps in his early manhood Richard Brandon had loved Louie's beautiful mother, had loved her so dearly as men do sometimes love—that when she had married Mr. Anthon it had swept joy and brightness forever out of his life, and his bitter disappointment had made him the grave, quiet man he was. Even if Russel Anthon did not know Richard Brandon, Richard Brandon would know him, because he was the man who had won that which he had striven in vain to win. If such was the case, if Mr. Anthon had married the woman who was dearer to Richard Brandon than all else in the world beside, Roy thought it was not at all strange that his uncle's face had clouded at the very sight of the name, Russel Anthon, or that the mention of it had brought up a host of bitter, painful memories.

So in his own way Roy accounted for it all, until it no longer seemed strange or hard to understand.

"After Roy had left him that night, and he was alone, Richard Brandon gave his thoughts free scope. It was almost like that other night so long ago, when the full realization of Arundel's faithlessness and dishonor had overwhelmed him. Bitterness long suppressed rose in his heart; fierce, terrible anger for Arundel, and rebellion against the fate which had laid waste his life. He had thought he had suffered all he could possibly suffer, and now the almost certain knowledge that the child which he had thought the strongest link between Muriel and Arundel was his own child, brought with it agony which well nigh prostrated him. The patience and resignation which had helped him to bear his sorrow all these years left him; passions which he had thought were dead, awoke within him; hate and resentment and relentless wrath. He felt that he must go now to Arundel and shoot him down like a dog; what right had he to live—that false, black-hearted man whose life was a monstrous lie?"

The gray dawn still found Richard Brandon still crouching in his chair before the fire, which during the night had burned itself out and was only a heap of ashes, and in the pale, dim light his face looked hard and cold and pitiless, there were deep-drawn lines about his colorless lips, and he spoke through his clenched teeth as he muttered:

"You stole my wife, my name, my friends away from me, Arundel Anthon; you robbed me of joy and happiness and peace, and if it is indeed true that the child who has called you father all these years is my child, then if God can forgive you let Him do it, but I can never, never!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

"I know you are very much disappointed, Russel," said Muriel, regretfully; "but Louie says she knows now she never loved him, though for his sake and ours she has tried to make herself believe she did, and she has only discovered a few days ago that her feelings for him could never be any warmer than those of friendship."

"Bah!" said Arundel, contemptuously, an ugly frown darkening his handsome, high-bred face. "Is that reasonable, Muriel—does it take a woman so long to discover whether or no she loves a man? I can find no excuse for her actions. Why did she not tell us all in the first place that she would not be his wife? But no, she knew how much he cared for her, and she encouraged him to think she would accept him, she knew how much I wished her to marry him, and she gave me every reason to believe she would do as I wished, only to disappoint us both in the end." And Arundel arose from his chair and walked up and down the long room, finding great difficulty in controlling himself.

It was not quite eight o'clock in the evening, and he and Muriel were alone together in the library. For the past forty-eight hours Arundel Anthon had been in anything but an angelic frame of mind. He had been so sure that Louie would accept Percy Everingham that when she told him she had refused him he had been horribly disappointed; what is more, it had galled him to think that this girl whom he had disliked from her very birth, had dared to thwart him, had defied him to his face, looking at him with her great brown eyes—the eyes which he could not bear to meet. He would have liked to have been able to force her to marry Percy, to make her bend to his wishes.

"Don't think too hardly of Louie," said Muriel, wistfully. "I am sure she did not mean to give either you or Percy any false hope, she is too true by nature for that. Did Percy seem to feel very bad when you saw him yesterday, dear?"

"Very badly, indeed," answered Arundel. "he was bitterly disappointed, for he had never thought for a moment but that Louie would tell him she would be his wife. Muriel," and he paused in his walk up and down the room, and stood still on the hearth-rug, "do you think she refused him because she cared for some one else?"

"I have been thinking about that myself," said Muriel, earnestly. "I am quite sure something has happened very lately to change her feelings toward him. She may have discovered that she didn't care for him only when she found that she loved somebody else."

"But who could it be?" asked Arundel, a most unamiable feeling arising with him towards the person who had frustrated his plans regarding Louie and Percy Everingham. "Does any gentleman come to the house for whom you think she has a particular liking, Muriel?"

Muriel hesitated an instant, conscious that what she was about to say would not be particularly pleasing to her husband. "I think she cares more for Roy Glenmore than for any other gentleman who calls upon her," she answered.

"Roy Glenmore?" exclaimed Arundel, frowning again. "I have never liked that

fellow, and if he is the one who has stepped in between Louie and Percy, then I shall very soon give him to understand that we can dispense with his society. But, Muriel, why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because, dear, I had no idea of such a thing myself until the day before yesterday. I happened to go into the parlor and found them there together, and something in her face and manner put the thought into my mind."

"Well, he will never get my consent to marry her," said Arundel decidedly. "I have always disliked him; I more than dislike him now."

"I have never disliked him, Russel," Muriel said, unwilling to admit to herself that her husband's opinions with reference to Roy Glenmore were unjust, to say the least. "He is very gentlemanly and intelligent, and his manners are perfect; the Van Alstyne think everything of him; still I have always wished that I knew more about his family. It is so strange, Russel, he seems to have no other relative, except his uncle—a Mr. Brandon."

"He is Richard Brandon, one of the firm of Disbrow & Co.," said Arundel. "Some one was telling me about him the other day; a grave, silent man, who does not go into any society, has no intimate friends, and who never, under any circumstances, can be induced to speak of his past life. We do not want to have anything to do with such people, Muriel. I am sorry, very sorry, that Louie ever met this fellow Glenmore."

There was silence between them for a moment; then Muriel was just about to speak when there was a knock at the door, and a servant, coming into the room, informed Mr. Anthon that Mr. Glenmore had called, and would like to see him.

"Oh, Russel, don't say anything to hurt his feelings," pleaded Muriel, as she rose to leave the room. "I can imagine what he has come to ask you."

"So can I," said Arundel, quietly. "But, dear, Louie may love him very dearly," said Muriel, anxiously. "Had we not better consult her, Russel, before you give him your answer?"

Arundel looked down into the lovely, troubled face.

"Muriel do you think it would be right for us to allow Louie to marry a man of whose family and antecedents we know positively nothing, whose only known relative is a man whose life is a mystery to those who know him?"

And Muriel answered "No."

When Roy Glenmore entered the library he found Mr. Anthon standing in front of the fire waiting for him, and though he greeted him with perfect politeness Roy could not help but notice the chill in his manner.

There was a few moments' conversation upon various everyday subjects, a pause, and then Roy said:

"Mr. Anthon I came here to-night to tell you that I love your daughter, to ask you if I have your consent to ask her to be my wife."

A slight inclination of the handsome head which might mean anything or nothing; Roy concluded that it meant "go on," and he went on accordingly, his face flushing, his eyes darkening with earnestness.

"I have loved her ever since I first met her, and I would strive earnestly and faithfully to keep every shadow, every sorrow out of her life. I know that what I am asking of you is no small thing, Mr. Anthon, I know she is your only child, that she is very dear to you; but if you will give her to me, I will hold her as the dearest, most precious thing on earth."

"Do you think, Mr. Glenmore, that my daughter returns your love?"

A look of rare tenderness gathered about Roy's mouth.

"I think—I am almost sure, Mr. Anthon, that she does."

Arundel leaned back in his chair, his face haughty and cold. The dislike he had always felt for Roy Glenmore had increased a thousand-fold. He was the one then who had spoiled his plans; but for him Louie would not have refused Percy Everingham; he had already made love to the girl, well, he would punish him for his presumption.

"Mr. Glenmore, you must pardon me for speaking so plainly, but I cannot give my consent to your marriage with my daughter until I know more about you and your family than I already do; you must remember you are almost a stranger to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

In a scantily furnished room at 62 Park street, sits an old gray-haired man, fingering an ancient piano. It is Frederick Nichols Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." His personal appearance is striking. Of a short, compact figure, his movements are astonishingly quick and active. He has a bushy growth of hair and beard, his complexion is ruddy, and from under rugged brown shine bright hazel eyes. His dress consists of an old soldiers coat, dark blue flannel shirt and well-worn pantaloons. Prof. Crouch says he knew Payne, and led the music on the night, when, at the Maid of Milan, Payne's opera of "Clari, Henry Bishop was the composer. Payne wrote the words. Both men were in the wings and in full view of Prof. Crouch during the performance. The song of "Home, Sweet Home," was written for this opera. Prof. Crouch told how his own famous song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was composed. He said the words had been sent to him from London by Mrs. Crawford. He was riding one day along the banks of the Tamar, in west England, when the melody came to him. "I was so infatuated with it," said Prof. Crouch, "that I sang the song to large audiences in the Plymouth Assembly Rooms, Plymouth, Devonshire, and within a week it began to spread. Thus was my offspring begotten, and so became the child of the world."

Prof. Crouch was born in England, July 31, 1808, of good family. He is now out of employment and too old to help himself. He has a wife and five children. He tries to smile cheerily at fate, but the smile is full of pathos.

"You wouldn't take me for a married man, would you?" asked a student of a Cortland girl last Sunday night. "I rather think I would if you should ask me," was the response. He bought a ring next day.

Savings for Old Age

No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not apt to get to the kind of provision that will pay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is a sorry sight; yes, save money, by all means. But an old man needs just that kind of strength which young men are apt to waste. Many a foolish young man will throw away on a holiday a great amount of nervous energy which he never feel the want of until he is seventy and then how much he will want! He is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism of a threescore. It is a fact that overtaxing the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the use of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. Advise young readers to be saving of health in regard to health as to money—'Want not, want not.' It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the law of health can escape its penalty. Nature gives no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the penalty just when, just where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures and pure thoughts; save friends; save love; save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time can not diminish nor death take away.

A Remarkable Journey.

I must tell you of the remarkable journey performed by one of those little colored paper balloons, such as are sold on the streets to purchasers in some of the large goods shops. Mr. Oberfelder, a well-known keeper at Anteuil, saw his son playing with one of these balloons, which had come from a shop called "Pygmalion." I forgot to mention that the shops print their names on the balloons. Just for a joke, the father wrote on the back of his business card a promise to pay one bottle of oil of sweet almond to the person who would return the balloon, and after trying the card to the same effect it drifted. This happened on the 11th of December last. A few weeks ago Mr. Oberfelder received a letter from Russia, signed Andre Jarochewitch, priest of Teliug, which he asks if it be true that a little balloon, which he found in his garden on the 16th of December, bearing the mark "Pygmalion" and Mr. Oberfelder's card, had come from Paris? The distance from Paris to Teliug direct is about 1,100 miles which the balloon accomplished in ten days; yet it must have drifted about as far as it traveled a much longer distance in its journey.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Bee.

What the Buddhists Call Sacred Music

A French traveller recently returned from Siam gives the account of a new Buddhist temple which has just been completed in the environs of Bangkok, and which closely resembles in appearance a Catholic church. The guide told him to his surprise that it was a pagoda, and entering the building he had observed the same close imitation of the interior of a Catholic place of worship. There was an altar, and a large image of Buddha placed on it, stained-glass windows, prie-dieus, and all the other accessories of Catholic devotion.

"What do you think of it?" asked the Bonze who took him over the building, and who was evidently very proud of it. "It is very modern," said the tourist departing.

"Modern it is, of course," said the priest, who took the remark as a compliment. "We have even an organ; and a better one than any you have in France. It plays without an organist. We had it made to order by Messrs. Bird & Co. of London, and, as you will hear, it plays nothing but the finest sacred music. Whereupon he turned the handle, and the Frenchman heard his great edification, heard the familiar strains which fit the words 'Je Madame Ange je suis la fille.'—L'All. Mail Gazette.

How to Excel.

Dr. Chalmers forcibly remarks: "There is a certain showy and superficial something which can be done in a very short time, but may be the part of a harlequin with a mind as well as his body, and there is a source of mental agility which always gives me the impression of a Mariposa. The man, for example, was a thorough harlequin in both senses of the word, who boasted that he could throw off a hundred verses of poetry while he stood upon one foot. There was something for wonder in all this, but it is rarely by any such exploit that we are made deep, and powerful, and enduring poets. It is by dint of steady labor—it is by the amount of the applications to the work, and having enough of time for the doing of it, it is by regular painstaking, and the habit of constant assiduity—it is by these, and not by any process of legerdemain, that we secure the strength and the staple of excellence."

As to the signs of the zodiac, Professor H. Sayce says that the origin and meaning of some of them are plain enough. It is difficult, for instance, to discover the meaning of the bull in the symbol of Taurus or the scorpion in that of Sagittarius. But the meaning of others, such as the symbols of Virgo, Scorpio, or of Capricornus, is not so evident. These symbols are of comparative modern invention, and first came into use along with the symbols still employed by astronomers to denote the planets. It is modern though the use of them themselves is quite otherwise with the signs themselves and the majority of the names by which they still call them. Recent research has shown that the general voice of classical antiquity was right in regarding the Chaldeans as the first to map out the path of the stars, and the year into separate regions, and constellations. There are indications that the names of the zodiacal signs were originally given when the vernal equinox still coincided with the entrance of the sun into Taurus.

There are sixty-six thousand locomotives in the world. And yet when you have waited for a train at some desolate railway station for five hours you wouldn't believe there were half so many. Sixty-six thousand and still a man can miss a train and easily as though there were only one engine on the whole continent.—Hawkey.

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